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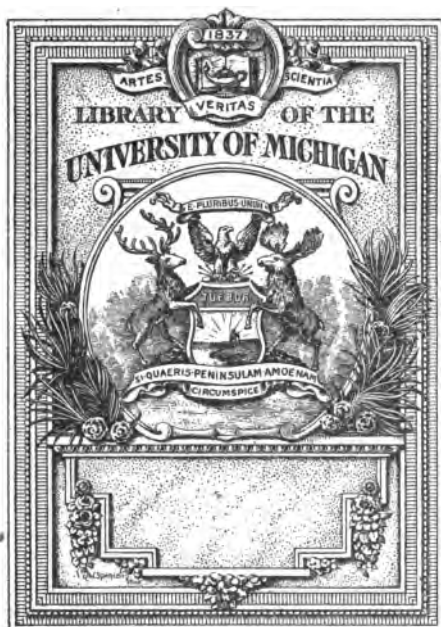
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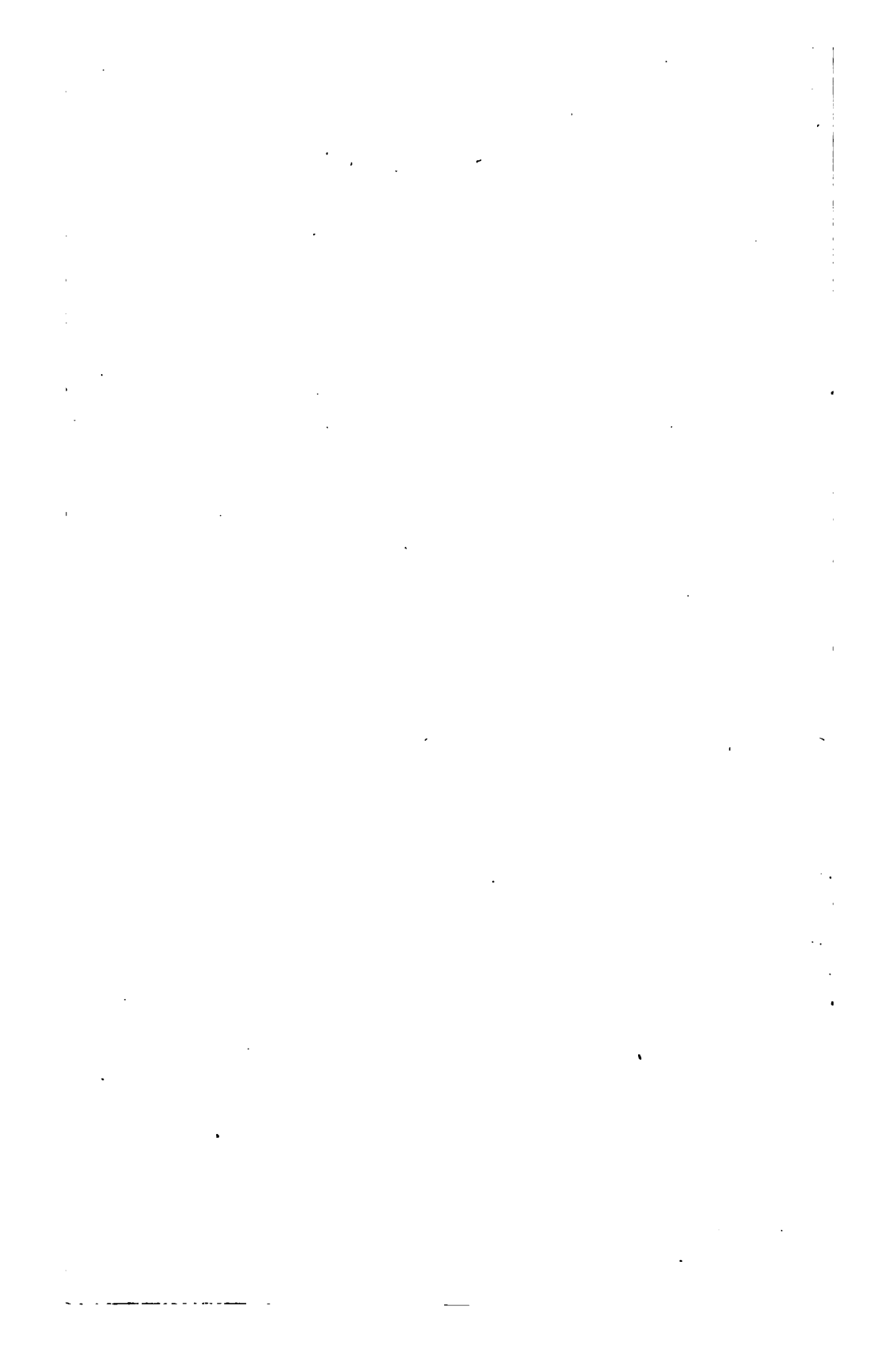
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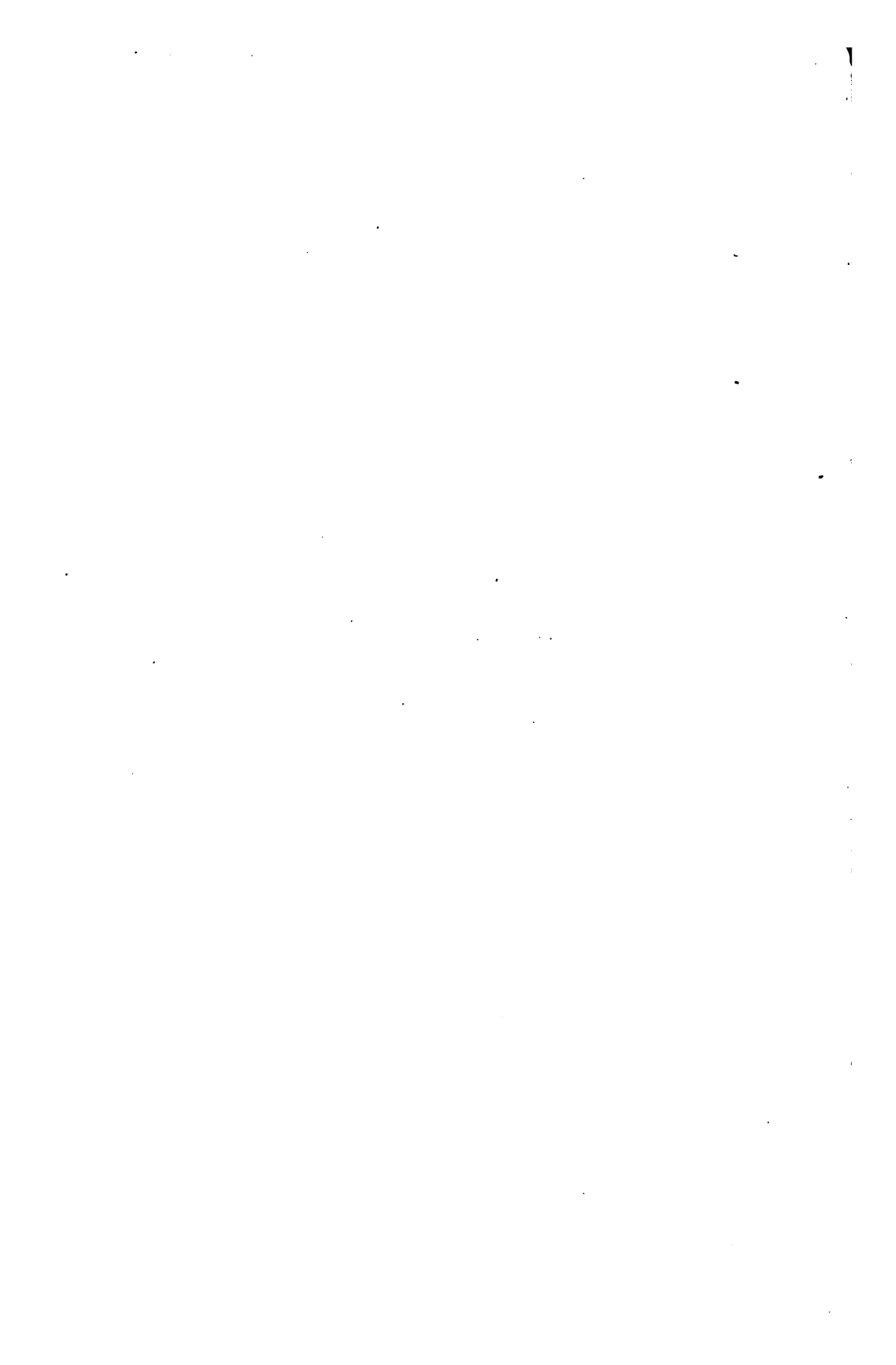
~~L. Wilcox^a Sommit~~

1. 65sn



To Miss Wordsworth
with the Author's
kind regards. —

SONNETS.



SONNETS

45-167

BY

EDWARD MOXON.



"In truth, the prison, into which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is : and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground."

WORDSWORTH.

LONDON: MDCCCXXX.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS,
BOUVERIE STREET.

TO

MY BROTHER WILLIAM,

I MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBE THE FOLLOWING

SONNETS.

E. M.

SONNET I.

LONE midnight-soothing melancholy bird,
That send'st such music to my sleepless soul,
Chaining her faculties in fast controul,
Few listen to thy song; yet I have heard,
When Man and Nature slept, nor aspen stirred,
Thy mournful voice, sweet vigil of the sleeping—
And liken'd thee to some angelic mind,
That sits and mourns for erring mortals weeping.
The genius, not of groves, but of mankind,
Watch at this solemn hour o'er millions keeping.
In Eden's bowers, as mighty poets tell,
Did'st thou repeat, as now, that wailing call—
Those sorrowing notes might seem, sad Philomel,
Prophetic to have mourned of *man* the *fall*.

SONNET II.



MY Love she is a lowly but sweet flower,
And I would wear her in my breast, for she
Is full of fragrance, and such modesty
That I ev'n sanctify that precious hour,
When first my eyes her worshippers became.
He, who hath mark'd the opening rose in spring,
Hath seen but portion small of her I sing.
For Fortune if I struggle, or for Fame,
'Tis that, unworthy, I may worthy be
Of her, the maiden with the dark black hair,
And darker eyes. My only wish to share
The sunless sums low sunk beneath the sea,
Is that with it I might my true love greet,
And lay the too small treasure at her feet.

SONNET III.



THERE is in Rydal's vale a river sweet,
 Clear, too, as Cydnus, called the Wild Brathay,
 That warbling urges on his crystal way,
 Till he his shining bride, the Rothay, meet,
 Winding along her amorous mate to greet.
 United, thence through flowery meads they stray ;
 Nor storm, nor heat, nor time their loves can sever,
 Till hushed in Windermere they sleep for ever.
 Thus have I imaged oft, in union blest,
 Gliding from Youth to Age ; the soul-knit pair,
 Emulous alone each other's worth to share,—
 Sinking at last in that eternal rest,
 Where the pure spirit dwells in kindred love,—
 The haven Contemplation sees above !

SONNET IV.

FAREWELL, gay France ! my pilgrimage hath end :

Yet will I oft in thought return to thee,

Fair land of mirth, of smiles, and courtesy ;

Where every grace of polished life doth blend.

Rude Scotia's gentle Queen ! I now forgive,

And understand her parting tears ; my mind

Shapes her fair form on the rough deck reclined,

Far thence from France, and known delights to live ;

Bidding to all she lov'd a last adieu.

Well might her then unspotted spirit stay

And gaze, till hope grew faint, while died away

Those happy shores ; as now I do review,

Gay land, those pleasures flown, leaving thy shore ;

Perchance, like her, to breathe thy joys no more.

SONNET V.



WHENE'ER I linger, Thomson, near thy tomb,
 Where Thamis urges his majestic way,
 And the Muse loves at twilight hour to stray,
 I think how in thy theme all seasons bloom ;
 And praise thy tuneful Brother, who preferr'd,
 'Fore all the vaults in Westminster's proud pile,
 A grave in Twick'nam's unpretending aisle.
 What heart so cold, that of thy fame has heard,
 And pauses not to gaze upon each scene
 That was familiar to thy raptur'd view ?
 Those walks belov'd by thee while I pursue,
 Musing upon the years that intervene,
 Methinks, as eve descends, a Hymn of praise
 To thee, their Bard, the Sister Seasons raise.

SONNET VI.—TO A BIRD.



SWEET captive, thou a lesson me hast taught
Excelling any which the schools convey ;
Example before precept men obey.
Methinks already I have haply caught
A portion of thy joy. Contentment rare,
For one in dull abode like thine, I trace,
Blended with warblings of such cheerful grace ;
And yet without a listening ear to share,
Save mine, thy melody. Thus all day long,
Ev'n as the youthful bard that meditates
In scenes the visionary mind creates,
Thou to some woodland image tun'st thy song ;
A prisoner too to hope, like him, sweet bird,
In lonely cell thou sing'st, and sing'st unheard.

SONNET VII.



SIDNEY, thou star of beaming chivalry,
That rose and set 'mid valour's peerless day ;
Rich ornament of knighthood's milky-way ;
How much our youth of England owe to thee,
Thou model of high learning and meek grace,
That realized an image which did find
No place before, save in th' inventive mind
Of hoping man. In thee we proudly trace
All that rever'd Antiquity can show
Of acts heroic that adorn her page,
Blending with virtues of a purer age.
Upon thy tomb engrafted spirits grow,
Where sit the warbling Sisters who attend
The shade made sacred to the Muses' friend.

SONNET VIII.

THE moon is sailing thro' the calm blue sky,
The village clock the knell of night hath rung,
While o'er these solitudes silence hath flung
Her magic awe. No stream now murmurs by ;
The west wind sleeps within his hollow cell ;
Ev'n Philomel hath her sweet song deferr'd :
One only one foreboding voice is heard,
Which doth within the wanderer's bosom dwell.
Dark visions now obscure the path I tread ;
Methinks the earth seems but a mighty tomb,
And those that listless sleep, the peaceful dead,
Destin'd no more to rise in beauty's bloom ;
While yonder moon, sole mourner left to weep,
Doth o'er a shrouded world sad vigil keep.

SONNET IX.—SOLACE DERIVED FROM BOOKS.



HENCE Care, and let me steep my drooping spirit
 In streams of Poesy, or let me steer
 Imagination's bark 'mong bright scenes, where
 Mortals immortal fairy-land inherit.
 Ah me! that there should be so few to merit
 The realized hope of him, who deems
 In his Youth's spring that life is what it seems,
 Till sorrows pierce his soul, and storms deter it
 From resting there as erst! Ye visions fair
 Of genius born, to you I turn, and flee
 Far from this world's impervious apathy;
 Too blest, if but awhile I captive share
 The presence of such Beings as engage
 The heart, and burn thro' Shakspeare's matchless page.

SONNET X.

AND do I then behold again the scene,
Where once I sported when a wanton child ;
The mead, the church, the streamlet running wild,
With here and there a fairy spot between
Smiling, as there rude storm had never been ?
Alas ! how chang'd are we who once did rove,
Calder, thy then enchanted banks along ;
Retiring now to the sequester'd grove,
Now cheerful heark'ning to th' accustom'd song
That rose at eventide these vales among !
The charm and hope of youth the green leaves wear ;
'Tis only man that blossoms and decays
To know no second spring. I thoughtful gaze
With dream of years long past, and drop a tear.

SONNET XI.



As is the Sun essential unto spring,
 Wings to the Eagle to sustain his flight,
 Or Moon to give enchantment to the night,
 So is the presence of the maid I sing
 Essential to my being. Powers above,
 Presiding o'er the destinies of men ;
 Reveal in some sweet dream the chaste hour, when
 I may presume to breathe 'fore heaven my love.
 O happy thought, tho' but of hope the flower !
 Methinks I see the purest of her kind
 Blushing 'neath fillets that her dark hair bind,
 Yielding to me her heart, itself a dower
 Richer than any which, in days gone by,
 Ev'n Kings to win have prov'd their chivalry.

SONNET XII.

Lo ! yonder barks that from the calm bay glide,
Buoyant they ride over the deep abyss,
The swift winds follow their white sails to kiss ;
Prancing like steeds they spurn the purple tide.
But whither do they go, or when return ?
Unlimited to me their course appears,
Too wide the space to be devoid of fears,
Though for their guide in heaven a star should burn.
As one by one majestic they advance,
In vain the waves their bounding strength oppose ;
On, on, her country's pride, the vessel goes,
Light as the breezes that around her dance ;
So like a thing of hope she leaves the bay,
A spirit passing from our world away.

SONNET XIII.



IF I were asked what most my soul doth prize
 Of all the good gifts men enjoy below;
 Whether from Fortune or from Fame they flow,
 My answer would be thus. Not wealth, which flies
 Away from those who hold it in esteem,
 Nor yet the honours proud place hath to give :
 These with their donor changing die or live.
 Not ev'n earth's fairest mountain, vale, or stream,
 For these at times are 'neath dark winter's gloom :
 Take the world's pleasure and its loud acclaim,
 Leave me but this, like an unsullied name
 Which wears for aye the self-same hue and bloom —
 Need I the secret of my soul impart ?
 Be witness ye that love, 'tis *woman's heart*.

SONNET XIV.

WALTON! when, weary of the world, I turn,
My pensive soul to thee, I soothing find
The meekness of thy plain contented mind
Act like some healing charm. From thee I learn
To sympathize with nature, nor repine
At Fortune who, tho' lavish of her store,
Too often leaves her favourites richly poor,
Wanting both health and energy divine
Life's blessings to enjoy. Methinks ev'n now
I hear thee 'neath the milk-white scented thorn
Communing with thy pupil, as the morn
Her rosy cheek displays,—while streams that flow,
And all that gambol near their rippling source,
Enchanted listen to thy sweet discourse.

SONNET XV.—TO THE WORLDLINGS.



SPEAK not to me of fortune or base gain ;
 Both Indies hold no treasure half so fair
 As she I love. Dull lead can ye compare
 With rubies or with diamonds? Cease your strain.
 Have I not eyes that kindly look on me ;
 Lips that to touch would charm an anchorite ;
 Calm hope that lives in dimples, where delight
 Sits ever thron'd ; a voice whose melody
 The west winds imitate when they would press
 The rosy cheek of June ; smiles far more cheering
 Than bright Apollo's, thro' the dark clouds peering ;
 With these a heart that even despair might bless ?
 Away ye worldly crew ; or tell me which
 Of all yon servile crowd is half so rich ?

SONNET XVI.



WHY doth the tear, my soul, unbidden start,
At sight of these my long-lost native hills,
Girt with bright landscapes and encircling rills,
That used a different solace to impart?
What mean the sobs that this full heart oppress,
That whilom leapt for joy their sides to gain;
When like the playful colt my feet would strain
To climb their flowery heights, and gaining bless
Their airy summit? What portend these tears?
The meads are clothed in beauty as before —
But, my companions, ye are here no more,
With whom I spent that youth, those happy years;
Nor can I now on hope's wild pinions soar,
But must through dreary scenes my path explore.

SONNET XVII.



HARK, 'tis a mother singing to her child
 Those madrigals that used *her* ears to greet,
 When she, an infant like that spring-flower sweet,
 Lent her charm'd ears to nurse, or mother mild,
 That sang those nursery stories strange and wild—
 Of Knights, of Robbers, and of fairy Queens
 Dwelling in Castles 'mid enchanted scenes—
 The songs which plain antiquity beguil'd.
 Or is her theme of him, her lord, whose bark
 Is ploughing, 'neath his guidance, Indian seas ;
 Or far detain'd by polar skies, that freeze
 His glad return? She, tuneful as the lark
 That warbling soars, tho' Phœbus cease to smile,
 Lifts her soft voice, and sings, tho' sad the while.

SONNET XVIII.



Ah, what is life ! a dream within a dream ;
 A pilgrimage from peril rarely free ;
 A bark that sails upon a changing Sea,
 Now sunshine and now storm ; a mountain stream,
 Heard, but scarce seen ere to the dark deep gone ;
 A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,
 Yet for a season fair to look upon.
 Life is an infant on Affection's knee,
 A youth now full of hope and transient glee,
 In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon
 A time-worn ruin silver'd o'er with years.
 Life is a race where slippery steep's arise,
 Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,
 And when the goal is won the grave appears.

SONNET XIX.

ON AN OAK, IN THE PARISH OF CHESHUNT, SAID TO HAVE BEEN PLANTED IN 1066, BY SIR THEODORE GODFREY, OR GOFFBY, WHO CAME OVER WITH WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

GIGANTIC time-worn Tree, what moons have fled
 Since thou wert planted first by warlike hand !
 Nigh twice four hundred years have swept the land ;
 And yet, defying time, thou lift'st thy head
 Still green, nor fear'st the storms that round have spread
 Thy weak compeers. They scatter'd lie, and rent,
 Ev'n as that Chieftain old, whose monument
 Thou art. In him pleas'd Fancy fain would trace
 A knight of high emprise and good intent ;
 Within whose breast wrong'd orphans' woes found place,
 Ever in rightful cause the Champion free,
 Of his proud times the ornament and grace ;
 A wight well worthy to recorded be,
 In fairest archives of bright chivalry.

SONNET XX.



BRING me a posie of the choicest flowers,
 And as my true love now is dead to me,
 Straight I of them will make a Deity,
 And worship it at consecrated hours.
 Let there be roses, emblems of her lips,
 And lilies fair to represent her cheeks,
 Woodbine her hair ; in vain my fancy seeks
 For emblems of her eyes ! stars that eclipse
 All others, and comparison outshine ;
 But for *these* bring the darkest violet.
 Her voice, her forehead, and her white teeth, set
 Like pearls around a crown, those to define
 Were far too great a task for my poor wit,
 And all exceed which dreaming Bards have writ.

SONNET XXI.



SLEEP, infant Pilgrim! Over thee one bends,
 Too anxious for thy being, thee to rob
 Of one sweet dream. Surveying thee, the throb
 Of future years steals o'er me; yet hope blends
 Her lilies with fear's dark contrasted flowers.
 Long may the former bloom for thee, meek child,
 And oft repeated be these slumbers mild
 Which now so softly lull thy cherub hours.
 Thou, like a flow'ret of the virgin May,
 In lusty beauty puttest forth a ray,
 Which time will brighten till thy noon arrive,
 As summer to the offspring of the field.
 Storms thence against thee their wild course will drive,
 And, like the flower, thou to their strength must yield.

SONNET XXII.

—◆—

DIVINEST Poesy ! without thy wings
Life were a burthen, and not worth receiving ;
Youth fadeth like a dream, Care keeps us grieving,
Early we sicken at all pleasure brings.
Thou only art the ever genial maid,
That strew'st with flowers the winter of our way ;
Companion meet in city or in shade,
Magician sweet whose wand all things obey ;
Thou peoplest with divinities the grove,
Pictur'st old times, and with creative skill,
Mould'st men and manners to thy heavenly will.
Mistress of sympathy and winning love,
O be thou ever with me, with me—wholly,
To smile when I am gay, to sigh when melancholy.

SONNET XXIII.

—◆—

METHOUGHT my Love was dead. O, 'twas a night
Of dreary weeping, and of bitter woe !
Methought I saw her lovely spirit go
With lingering looks into yon star so bright,
Which then assumed such a beauteous light,
That all the fires in heaven compared with this
Were scarce perceptible to my weak sight.
There seemed henceforth the haven of my bliss ;
To that I turn'd with fervency of soul,
And pray'd that morn might never break again,
But o'er me that pure planet still remain.
Alas ! o'er it my vows had no controul.
The lone star set : I woke full glad, I deem,
To find my sorrow but a lover's dream.

SONNET XXIV.

THE meads are scatter'd with the pride of Spring ;
 Great Nature mourns like a deposed Queen,
 Her vestments rent ; sad Summer quits the scene,
 With scarce a voice to chaunt her praise, or sing
 The unhallow'd change. How soon decay doth fling
 Ev'n o'er the fairest the tomb's sickening hue !
 Hark ! 'tis the autumnal gale on restless wing,
 With Desolation eager to pursue
 Her ruthless course. The bright hours hastening flee,
 Yet leave to those of melancholy mood
 Much pleasure ; such I find, and pleasing brood
 O'er nature most in her humility.
 Unlike the world, whose smiles few then can boast,
 In her decay I love, and love her most.

SONNET XXV.



METHOUGHT I heard a voice upon me call,
 As listless in desponding mood I lay,
 Whiling the melancholy hour away,
 'Mid fears that did my fondest hopes enthrall.
 'Twas not the trumpet voice of Fame I heard,
 Nor Fortune's, nurse of impotence and care ;
 Nor yet the moanings deep of fell despair.
 But O ! it was the voice of one that stirred
 In every leaf ! Sweet, sweet the accents came,
 And stole in pure affection to my heart,
 Healing within wounds bleeding 'neath the smart
 Of bitterest woe. Up sprang my gladden'd frame
 Restored, as henceforth brighter days to see ;—
 Thy voice it was I heard, meek Piety.

SONNET XXVI.



How art thou chang'd, my birth-place, once the land
Where mirth proverbial as thy bounty reign'd,
Ere art, miscall'd improvement, had restrain'd
Those joys for which we grieve. Lo, where I stand,
The cheerful sun no longer may be seen.
Streams where in boyhood I was wont to sport,
Polluted now, no more are the resort
Of such as quiet seek. Time once has been,
When yonder spire alone was seen to rise,
Where now obnoxious chimneys pierce the skies
Tainting the air, while 'neath their sultry walls
Mechanic childhood for scant pittance toils,
Whose melancholy doom the heart appals,
From which in vain the pitying Muse recoils.

SONNET XXVII.



'Tis not for thee, my Sister, that I grieve,
 Whose little life scarce two moons measur'd round ;
 Thou had'st not time to smile on me, ere bound
 Unto that land where hope can ne'er deceive.
 I saw thee, but it was in that repose
 Unequall'd for its quiet ; 'twas in death :
 A cherub beautiful, but wanting breath,
 And wings such as young seraphim disclose.
 Thou happy art ; I only mourn for them
 Who weep for thee, and will for many a day,
 Till time shall wipe affection's tears away.
 Methinks I hear a voice their grief condemn :
 " Weep not for me," the lost one's spirit cries ;
 " In Abraham's bosom blest your infant lies."

SONNET XXVIII.



How sweet the moon is climbing heaven's hill !
The night seems just as if for gallants made ;
Her silver light gives courage, while the shade
In dim disguise the Lover hides. How still,
And yet how musical ! Methinks I hear
A voice in every tree, as tho' they lov'd ;
And at this hour towards each other mov'd :
So loving seems the night, so soft, and clear.
Groves, streams, dells, flowers, in solemn silence sleep ;
While from yon terrace, or high castled tower,
A pale light glimmers, which bespeaks the bower
Where Love expectant breathless watch doth keep ;
Herself the star, eclipsing those above her,
That shines, and to her chamber lights her Lover.

SONNET XXIX.



METHINKS I should be blest if free to rove,
 Dear friend, those solitary vales with thee,
 Now that May holds her youthful jubilee,
 Filling with warblings wild the enchanted grove.
 Care haunts not oft the shade, nor avarice ;
 But sweet contentment with her sisters bland,
 Making earth semblance of a fairy land.
 Ah me ! no sooner shall eve's dew drops kiss
 Yon hill's bright slope, where lingering sunbeams play
 In dalliance soft, than with a heavy heart
 From these lov'd scenes and thee I must depart ;
 Nor like those beams return, but far away
 Lone journey among crowds in turmoil rude,
 A weary wight panting for Solitude.

SONNET XXX.

WEEP not, my heart's chief solace ; grief should ne'er
 Those cheeks for pitying tears a channel show ;
 Tho' beautiful thou look'st, as swift they flow,
 Chasing each other, like to joy and fear
 Within thy undulating bosom, where
 My hopes repose. Come, dry them ; nor gainsay
 The throbbings of a heart that beats for thee,
 And would in its own ecstasy be gay,
 Would'st thou but chase sad sorrow from our day.
 Like summer clouds methinks thy griefs I see
 Burst, and thus leave behind a holier bliss.
 Nor transitory may this vision be,
 For fain I would that thou all strife should'st miss,
 Tho' I away the trembling tear might kiss.

SONNET XXXI.



HERE will I gaze upon the bright blue waves
 Now dimpling 'neath the moon's meridian glance,
 While Fancy bids her festive groups advance.
 Approaching, lo! they leave their crystal caves;
 The Genii of the Lake high revels keep;
 The streams invited are that reign around,
 With numerous trains they come and flowerets crown'd;
 Soft music wakes where sailing on the deep
 At sound of festival gay Nymphs appear,
 Such as preside o'er wood and mead and dell:
 The guardians of the grove and varied year,
 Obedient to imagination's spell,
 With silken sail now deck those waters clear,
 That tuneful lave thy banks, sweet Windermere.

SONNET XXXII.



AH me ! this little life will soon run out ;
Methinks, I feel myself already old,
Eyes dim, limbs stiff, step feeble, and blood cold,
With youth no longer flush'd, or vigour stout ;
Yet still my breast resumes its wonted fire,
When 'neath my window at pale twilight's hour,
Young hearts leap lightly. Feeling then the power
Of their chaste joys, strong comes the fond desire
To live again those years that written are
In heaven's eternal record of things past.
Unhappy man ! on too wide ocean cast,
Doom'd to sail onwards mid life's billowy war,
Yet looking back, as tho' thou would'st return
To those blest shores thou leavest, and leavest to
mourn.

TO THE MUSE.



I.

FAIREST of virgins, daughter of a God,
That dwellest where man never trod,
Yet unto him such joy dost give,
That thro' thy aid he still in paradise may live !

II.

Immortal Muse, thy glorious praise to sing,
Could I a thousand voices bring,
They were too few. Who like to thee
Can captivate the heart whose soul is melody ?

III.

Early thou lead'st me to some gentle hill,
And wak'st for me the holy thrill
Of birds that greet the welcome morn,
Rejoicing on wild wing, thro' fields of ether borne.

IV.

Thou paint'st the landscape which I then survey,
Perfum'st with odours sweet my way,
Till I forget this world of woe,
And journey thro' a land where peerless pleasures
flow.

V.

At noon thou bid'st descend a golden shower ;
To dream of thee I seek the bower,
And, like a prince of Inde, the shade
Enjoy, by thy blest presence more voluptuous made.

VI.

At eve, when twilight like a nun is seen,
Pacing the grove with pensive mien,
'Tis then thou com'st with most delight ;
No hour can be compar'd with thine 'twixt day and
night.

VII.

'Tis, as it fadeth, like the farewell smile,
Which settles on the lips awhile
Of those we love, 'ere they in death
Resign to heaven their souls, to us their latest breath.

VIII.

Thou makest the lone Philomel to sing,
Createst a perpetual spring ;
Bid'st Memory wake 'neath yonder walls,
O'er which the tint of eve in solemn grandeur falls.

IX.

The heavens thou makest cloudless and serene,
And of the moon a huntress queen ;
To ev'ry star thou giv'st a spirit,—
In yonder Shakspeare dwells, *that* Milton doth inherit.

X.

The goodly of old time thou bring'st to view,
And with ancestral pomp can'st strew
The unromantic smooth-paced ways
Of these our philosophic but degenerate days.

XI.

The flower of chivalry before me stand,
Clad in bright steel, a warlike band ;
Among them some who serv'd the Muse,
And at their head the Man whom she could nought refuse.*

* Sir Philip Sidney.

XII.

Old Bards are there ! mine eyes in reverence fall
Before their presence, 'neath whose thrall
My young life one sweet dream hath been,
Dwelling on earth in joys ideal and unseen.

XIII.

Thou mak'st the precious tear to gush from eyes,
Strangers to nature's sympathies ;
Tyrant and slave alike to thee
Have knelt, and solace found in dire adversity.

XIV.

Thro' thee the Lover sees with frantic pride
His Mistress fairer than Troy's bride ;
Thro' the sweet magic of thy art
He glories in his wounds, and hugs th' envenom'd dart.

XV.

Her face thou mak'st a heaven, and her eyes
The glory of those cloudless skies ;
They are the planets 'neath whose sway
The willing lover bends on his celestial way.

XVI.

Thou cheer'st the prisoner in his lonely cell,
The broken spirit knows thee well ;
A troop of angels come with thee,
Wisdom, and Hope, calm Thought, and blest Tran-
quillity.

XVII.

Ambition blighted seeks thee, and the shade ;
Remembrance thee her voice hath made,
At whose sweet call, as to some tale,
We, list'ning, turn our bark 'mong pleasures past to sail.

XVIII.

Thou spread'st the canvass, and with gentlest winds
Impell'st the vessel, till she finds .
Some genial spot, where bends the yew,
Or cypress waves o'er friends who long have bid adieu.

XIX.

Thou sooth'st the weary and uplift'st the low ;
The voice of God thou wert below :
The holy Prophets spake thro' thee,
And wept to see their harps hang mute on willow
tree.

XX.

Where now had been the warlike of old Troy,
Whom Time nor Tyrants can destroy,
If the bold Muse had never lent
Her aid to sing her chiefs brave, wise, or eloquent.

